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Paul Flanders
Drawer 2

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"O Mother of the Hills, forgive our towers,
O Mother of the Clouds, forgive our dreams."

LINOLEUM CUT BY W. JOHNSTONE

Civic Affairs . .

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Up to noon Wednesday, eighteen appointees to the Council's advisory committe had indicated their wilingness to serve. They are:

Mary L. Dummage
Ray C. DeYoe
Bernard Wetzel
Leslie Doulton
Fenton P. Foster
Paul Flanders
E. A. Littlefield
C. W. Whitney
F. R. Bechdolt
Jo Mora
Hazel Watrous
Elizabeth S. Schuyler
Preston W. Search
R. F. Ohm
Vera Peck Millis
Fred Leidig
Daisy Bostick
Chas. L. Berkey

Three of the original twenty-five selected are understood to have declined in view of their impending absence from Carmel.

CANDIDATES FOR COUNCIL

Mr. Bernard Wetzel is the latest aspirant to a seat on the Council, having taken out his papers this morning. Inquiries at the town hall resulted in the information that Mr. Wetzel is the only candidate officially in the running, although it is known that at least two others defininitely plan to run.

The Carmelite learns that upon filing her papers as a candidate, Miss Clara Kellogg will resign from the Library Board.

TAX SALE

Dilatory Carmel property owners rushed to prevent the sale of their properties to the city Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning. Tax Collector August Englund reported that, before nine o'clock, over one thousand dollars in delinquent taxes had been paid to escape the further penalties involved in redeeming after the sale to the city, held at ten o'clock today.

VALUATION COMMITTEE AT WORK

Assessment value changes came under consideration of the Carmel committee on assessment revision Thursday night. Meeting in the Council room, the committee studied valuations of the property between Ninth and Santa Lucia. Property from Monte Verde to the dunes will be considered at the committee's meeting this week, in a program intended to cover all land prices in Carmel. So far, the group has completed assessment figures for the territory enclosed by Monte Verde and Junipero, Third and Santa Lucia.

AUDIT OF CITY ACCOUNTS

A rumor was current on Monday that there had been a disagreement between Mayor Bonham and a member of the Council in regard to the extent of the audit of city accounts for which provision was made at the last meeting of the Council. The unconflrmed report was to the effect that the Mayor desired to have the 1925 accounts included in the audit, while the member in question was opposed to such inclusion.

Upon direct inquiry, Mayor Bonham informed The Carmelite that while there had been some discussion as to the extent of the audit, nothing definite had been settled, and that there was no foundation for the rumor.

PUBLIC LIABILITY INSURANCE

Public liability insurance to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars has been purchased for a three-year period by the City Council. Councilmen Wood and Gottfried, under authority, arranged the insurance.

Protection until 1933 will cost the city approximately three thousand dollars, of which the first installment is one thousand and thirty-two dollars.

Donald Hale, associated with the Carmel Investment Co., acted as agent for the Glen Falls Idemnity Co., of Glen Falls, N. Y., in placing the policy.

PACIFIC GROVE-CARMEL HIGHWAY

Bids for the much-discussed road from Pacific Grove, proposed to cross government-owned property behind the Presidio rifle range and meet Carmel-Monterey road on top of the hill, will be called late in March if present plans are not interrupted.

LIBRARY HOLIDAY

Harrison Memorial Library will remain closed all day Saturday in observance of Washington's birthday.

Carmel Woman's Club

FEBRUARY CALENDAR

Meetings at Girl Scout House:

Feb. 19—Current Events Section.
Feb. 20—Music Appreciation Section.
Feb. 26—Book Section.

Feb. 27—At the home of Mrs. R. G. Brooks, Lincoln street.

BUILDING OPERATIONS

Hugh W. Comstock, noted for the designing of original Carmel buildings, is drawing up plans for the erection of the largest business structure yet proposed for the downtown section.

To rise on the corner of Seventh and Dolores, the building is to be a two story court arrangement—eight shops on the ground floor facing on the two streets and a cobble or rough brick court. Four stairways are to lead up to apartments and professional offices above, and a side entrance will lead in from Seventh.

Simplicity of design and materials marks this newest of Hugh Comstock's ventures. Wherever possible, rough bricks will take the place of tile ornamentation. Very careful use of iron grillwork, and much simple wood treatment will be important in the decorative scheme.

Report has it that leases are already being sought for shops and professional offices, although it will probably be a month or six weeks before construction starts.

The land and buildings, on a plot eighty by a hundred feet, are to cost together in excess of one hundred thousand dollars. The Carmel Properties Company was the real-estate office handling the deal for their client, Jack Tharpe of Burlington.

* * *

The Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building, being erected by Mr. Comstock in his capacity as builder, promises to be finished by April first. The outer form of the structure is completed and these next few weeks will see the floors and inner work going on.

* * *

Another building in which Mr. Comstock is interested at this time, is the residence of Mr. William Haseltine, in Los Ranchitos up the Carmel Valley. This is to be an eight-room, English manor type home, with heavy split shake roof and granite veneer.

* * *

The Deyoe building, on Ocean three stores up from Dolores, is progressing toward completion rapidly. The basement forms have been finished, and the main floor is now being worked upon. Several office buildings in the structure, according to latest report, have been rented.

BISHOP A VISITOR

The Rt. Rev. William Walter Webb, D.D., Episcopal Bishop of Milwaukee, is in Carmel, the guest of Mr. J. L. Doulton.

Around Town . . .

With the sudden arrival of summer, cars have been dragged from their winter hibernation and steered up valley and down coast; and Carmelites have been enjoying the delights of sea and sun, surf, sweat and sowbugs in the sandwiches.

* * *

Going by way of Panama to New York, Miss Liesel Wurzmann, sister of Fritz Wurzman of Carmel and Monterey, is returning to Germany at the end or an eight months' visit. Miss Wurzmann had intended to spend much more time in the east. but was so attracted by the peninsula that she will be unable to stay there only a few weeks.

On Sunday Fritz Wurzman gave a farewell picnic for his sister Liesel who is off for New York and Germany. "I've been in America six months," she says, "and have seen nothing except Carmel. When I get back to Germany and people ask me about the United States all I will be able to tell them about is Carmel." So duty, not pleasure takes Liesel East, via the Panama Canal. At the picnic were Vasia and Sybil Anikeeff, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hopkins, Mrs. Cooke, Dene Denny, Hazel Watrous and Mrs. Wyckoff.

* * *

Dr. Amelia Gates is driving South this week.

* * *

Hazel Watrous returned Saturday from a week in Los Angeles.

* * *

Thursday night Vasia Anikeeff sang Russian folk songs in Berkeley at the Town and Gown Club. He was assisted by a *Balalaika* orchestra and Tatiana Popova.

* * *

Word comes from Imre Weisshaus that his class in Appreciation of Modern Music in Denver is going very well. This young musician has held four courses patterned after the one he started in Carmel. In Denver a number of musicians are attending.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman have returned from a short stay in Santa Barbara where Mrs. Blackman was fortunate in gaining a session with the wizard Dr. Sansum. According to Brisbane in his Today column, this dietist was full up a month ago for four months ahead; but Mr. Blackman's persuasiveness gained a cancellation.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dickinson have also recently been to Santa Barbara and besides better health brought back a case of oranges. Mrs. Dickinson has quite recovered from her attack of the 'flu.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kuster and Shim have gone to San Francisco for three days. There are a number of plays in the city to keep Mr. Kuster busy.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Kelley, of the Carmel Press, visited the Bay region cities recently. It is understood that Mr. Kelley met Mr. B. G. Brinkley, of the Alameda "Times-Star," for a discussion of the newspaper situation in Carmel. Mr. Brinkley, it will be recalled, has visited Carmel on several occasions, at more or less regular intervals, with a view to starting a third newspaper.

* * *

Friends of The Carmelite may be interested in learning that the paper is acquiring a dollars-and-cents value in the eyes of seasoned—some, indeed, too well seasoned—newspaper men. Reports reach us that a local publisher is anxious to acquire The Carmelite for no more laudable purpose than to "kill" it (when *is* the election, please?) ;another reported would-be buyer is at present a Peninsula publisher in a small way, while the third prospect would be an importation. Unfortunately, we are unable to confirm the reports, since we have not been approached on the matter. It might be stated in passing, however, that The Carmelite is not for sale.

* * *

The W. S. Frollis of Carmel are related to Doctor John D. Humber, who, with Doctor Walter B. Coffey, has developed the Coffey-Humber suparenal glandular extract, now attracting attention of physicians the world over as a possible cure for cancer.

* * *

Archibald Watson, experienced gardener, who came to the peninsula to work on private estates in Pebble Beach, is starting in business in Carmel, specializing in gardening and landscape work.

* * *

Mrs. Romayne S. Hunkins and Mrs. Lucy Fay are occupying their cottage on Ocean Avenue.

* * *

A scientific session turned into a gay party at Lincoln Steffens' house last week. Dr. Becking and Dr. and Mrs. Pat Mestres of the Hopkins Marine Laboratory, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffen, Mr. and Mrs. John Kenneth Turner, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wood, first listened to Sinclair Lewis sing hymns (we said hymns) and then danced. Dorothy Thompson, remaining more serious than her irrepressible husband, gave an entertaining account of the manner in which Theodore Dreiser lifted her accounts of Russia from the articles in the New York "Evening Post" all except her punctuation.

OBITUARY

Robert Dewey Lang, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Dewey George Lang of Carmel, died while his father as rushing him to the University of California hospital last Thursday. Robert had been ill for several weeks with influenza, but his sudden passing was a shock to friends and sympathizers of the Langs.

CHURCH BROTHERHOOD

The Men's Brotherhood of the Peninsula Federated churches will holds its next monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, February twenty-fifth, in the parish hall of St. Mary's Episcopal church, Pacific Grove. The banquet, with speeches and music, will begin at six-thirty.

The Carmel local committee is desirous that there should be a large attendance of men from this side of the hill. Over sixty Pacific Grove and Monterey men attended the Carmel meeting one month ago.

SEARCH SEMINAR

"Alt Nuremburg, the City of the Mastersingers," will be the subject of the next Seminar meeting for Tuesday evening, February twenty-fifth, at the Search cottage, Thirteenth and Cassanova.

CINDERELLA SHOP IN NEW LOCATION

The mice have moved the carriage—Janet Prentiss' Cinderella Shop is now established in the new stucco and tile Schweninger building next to the office of the Carmel Land Company.

The outstanding features of its present location are wide show-windows, an original brick window shelf, and an interior made distinctive by the use of aged timbers. Old prints, samplers, and antique furniture play important parts in the decorative scheme.

ORDINARY FEBRUARY WEATHER

Te State weather department passes out the hope that we are not to become too depressed over the usual rain and fog which Carmel has been experiencing this past three weeks. We are to expect a few bright days toward the end of the month.

(Out of town readers please observe that this is not true. The month of February has been so bright that we are simply being glum to tone it down a little.)

JOHONNOT COLOR-STUDY CLASS

The second of Ralph Helm Johonnot's lectures on Design and Color, being given in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Dolores each Saturday morning, was based particularly on the topic, "Color Harmony in the Interior of Our Homes." Before the opening of the lecture last Saturday morning, members of the group were able to wander about the gallery, examining the Johonnot designs and the "set up" of textiles, pottery, pictures, furniture and flowers arranged to carry out the color scheme stressed during the lesson and to illustrate points developed in the lecture regarding the arrangement of the interior of the home.

Mr. Johonnot mentioned the fact that many regard the building of a house as merely a practical thing. They wait to "put art in it" until the house is complete, so in case the supply of money runs low, the so-called art may be left out. Planning the interior of the home is as important as planning the actual structure of the house. Building a house should consist of planning the exterior, the interior and the garden before-hand that the three may form one fine design.

Mr. Johonnot stressed two points regarding the interior decoration of the home, one pertaining to color scheme and the other to pattern. There should be a predominant color and the scheme of any interior should contain rays of red, blue and yellow, in the proper proportions, related hues, values and intensities. Rays coming from blue are necessary for a feeling of calm and repose; rays from yellow produce a quality of sunshine, so necessary on cloudy days; and the thrill and joy coming from rays of red are an essential part of the well-balanced color scheme. We do not want a room of but one color, nor do we want an arrangement of complementary colors, but we desire that shimmering, satisfying effect to be obtained only through having the proper combination of our reds, blues and yellows. Regarding pattern, Mr. Johonnot stated that there should be but the smallest amount in any room, and that should be of the choicest. Desired effects are to be obtained by the use of fine textures, and the harmonious arrangement of color.

EASTER OBSERVANCE

Fenton P. Foster, director last Easter of Stainer's "Crucifixion," is appealing to peninsula singers and players to participate in another Easter play.

Chorus numbers and beautiful solo parts characterize Dubois' "Seven Last Words," this year's production. Rehearsals are to be held in the Pacific Grove Woman's Club house, beginning at eight o'clock next Monday evening, and on corresponding dates through the rest of February and March.

On Good Friday, April eighteenth, the oratorio will be given at the Grove Methodist church. It will be produced in Carmel on the night following.

Mr. Foster asks that all singers who joined in last year's performance, and any others who would like to join the chorus or orchestra, get in touch with him and help make the oratorio the event it has been in the past.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH

Morning prayer next Sunday will begin promptly at eleven o'clock with the singing of the processional hymn (531) "Forward Be Our Watchword."

The subject of the sermon will be "Thinking It Through."

At eight o'clock there will be a Communion celebration lasting one half hour arranged especially for those who like the earlier service.

The Church School session begins at nine forty-five. The work project will be finishing the Friendship Treasure Chest to be sent to the Philippines.

On Tuesday, February twenty-fifth, at two-thirty, the interested people of Carmel are invited to hear Deaconess Phelps speak in the Parish House. Afternoon tea will be served.

VALENTINE DANCE

Sunset School auditorium was the scene of a Valentine dance last Friday night, arranged by the Parent-Teacher Association Recreation Committee, of which Mrs. H. L. Bullock is chairman.

Lively music was furnished by Ken Lyman's orchestra. A special number given by Miss Eleanor Watson was enthusiastically applauded. Dorothy Woodward accompanied the dance "Spanish Fonda."

The prize proved of fitting interest—being based on a selection of "hearts" rather than on the most accomplished dancers. Through a process of elimination of "hearts," two well-known couples vied for honors—the Sheridans and the Ewigs. Mr. and Mrs. Ewig were the fortunate ones—they entertained briefly with a "solo" dance.

ANNOUNCING

REMOVAL

OF THE

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THE CINDERELLA SHOP

OCEAN AND LINCOLN, CARMEL

[AS REQUIRED BY POSTAL REGULATIONS] THE CARMELITE: Printed and published weekly, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. J. A. COUGHLIN, Editor and Publisher; Office Parkes Building, Dolores Street. Entered as second class matter February 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, two dollars per annum. single copies, five cents.

IRVING PICHEL READS "THE CRIGINAL CODE"

Known by everyone for his powerful interpretation of the role *Lazarus* in Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed," Irving Pichel read Martin Flavin's drama, "The Criminal Code," last Saturday night at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Declaring that "The Criminal Code" might not be *liked*, but certainly must be admired, Pichel began the prologue, setting forth the case. Before the first act, he had proven that he could read with the clarity and swift change from role to role of the finished actor. As the drama grew, his characterizations increased in power, until, by the end of act one, he had emerged as vigorously as the play.

Successfully to read so stark a drama, as Pichel did, making every part ring true, painting each scene so well that the whole existed in the imaginations of his hearers as clearly as upon a stage, was an accomplishment of art.

Delivered with particularly gripping emphasis, we thought, were the parts of *Graham*, the boy—half mad with imprisonment—and McManus, the blatantly inhuman "trusty."

* * *

The voices of the crowd—quick, excited speech rising to a buzz of argument during the first intermission, hushed as Pichel began again.

One knew that they had been discussing criminals and prisons, innocence and guilt, political and natural law; that they were raised a little above their normal selves . . would like to do something about it—but the play going on toward inevitable tragedy was bigger than the crowd. Humanity, society, the various human things it was supposed to deal with, were dwarfed.

A photograph is above propaganda or the need of it.

And Martin Flavin is not a crusader, but a photographer of realistic drama. When Irving Pichel had finished reading and acting the ugly pictures of the play:—the warden, trapped by his own political ambition; the boy, only flesh, not steel; the prisoners, warped and twisted by an inescapable misanthropy, yet retaining honor and a code superior to what had sentenced them—one had the complete picture of a fact.

The play might be called, as it has been, a dozen things: "an indictment of humanity . . . a realistic drama . . . a social play"—but none of those definitions can explain it. It is as inexplicable as the fact that men are still being sentenced to two or three years on the chain-gang in Georgia, still being sent down into the phosphate mines in Florida, still being forced to build highways in the mountains behind Los Angeles and the hills by the Big Sur—for not having ten dollars in their pockets. When Pichel had finished, he had presented a picture, dramatic to be sure, but most startling in the actuality it put forward of how ugly life can be.

* * *

To be a man is to be enough of a god to know that such an ugly photograph should be better, enough of an idiot to suspect that it never will.

The outstanding point of "The Criminal Code" is that, as law stands in America today (for that matter, the world has only the Mosaic law, which wolves follow quite as well) every man is a potential criminal. Thousands of "criminals" have been so unfortunate as to meet a set of events that would have made a thousand other men just as "guilty."

But to call a play like this a "social play" is to admit the loss of the imagination. To us the theatre has two values: the one an inarticulate groping towards understanding: the other a witless passion for the drama itself. "The Criminal Code" fulfills both these requirements.

* * *

Irving Pichel is returning to the Denny-Watrous Gallery to read another play, not yet decided upon. He has accepted an offer from the Lobera Theatre, Santa Barbara, where he was director several years ago, and is going there again to direct and produce.

Remembering his characterization in "All God's Chillun Got Wings," produced by Edward Kuster at the Golden Bough, and this memorable evening at the gallery, Carmel will be glad to know he intends to make such readings a regular practice, stopping here on trips that take him from Santa Barbara to Berkeley.

—E. L.

GIRL SCOUTS TO GIVE PLAY FOR BOY SCOUTS

On March twenty-first and twenty-second, the Carmel Girl Scouts will give a play in the Carmel Playhouse for the benefit of the Carmel Boy Scouts.

The name of the play will be announced later. It will be under the direction of Miss Blanche Tolmie who put on the splendid children's production, "Pinnochio," at the Forest Theatre last summer.

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Musical Miscellany

THE SMALLMAN CHOIR

At the Theatre of the Golden Bough, Saturday evening, March first, the Smallman a Capella Choir will be presented in the third concert of the Carmel Music Society series.

Among the numbers to be presented are "Gloria in Excelsis," by Palestrina, and Bach's "Jesu, Priceless Treasure." Chorals, early English folk-songs, carols and a Russian prayer are important features of the program.

The Smallman a Capella Choir, under the management of Arthur Judson, has been said to be the most perfect exampel of its kind in the world. Percy Grainger, pianist-composer says:

"The originality of the effects and sonorities produced by the choir are the results of the fertile musical imagination of John Smallman himself, who is a creative musician of the highest order in his ability to create beautiful and, until now, unheard blends of exquisite vocal tone and timber. Just as Paderewski is in a class by himself because he is an original pianist as well as a great pianist, so is the Smallman Choir in a class by itself because it is original as well as perfect.

* * *

"In America the greatest examples of choral and polyphonic music are still comparatively unknown because hardly any choirs exist that are able to master the technical problems inherent in most of the loftiest examples of choral music, old or new. The great art music of the European races arose out of choral music. It is not too much to say that the greatest examples of instrumental music are largely a reflection of that musical culture that arose out of the part singing of the Middle Ages.

" . . . there is no organization of its kind in any part of the world that I admire as unreservedly as I do the Smallman a Capella Choir. . . "

John Smallman, founder and conductor of the choir, was coached in Oratorio conducting by Emil Mollenhaur, the conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. Since he has been conductor of the Los Angeles Oratorio Society, it has presented the Bach "Saint Matthew Passion," Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," and other like compositions. The Society is at present preparing Bach's "B Minor Mass" for future presentation.

The Smallman a Capella Choir is the one costumed choir in the west singing unaccompanied and from memory. It is composed of thirty-two mixed voices and has a reportory which includes masses, madrigals, rounds, spirituals and all forms of part singing compositions of Palestrina and di Lasso.

For two years the singers met together three times a week rehearsing the complex chorals which make up their repertoire. After three hundred hours of rehearsing they made their first public appearance.

Among the modern composers presented by them are Vaughn Williams, Percy Grainger, Deems Taylor, Kurt Schindler and Serge Rachmaninoff. "Summer is a-cumen in," an early English part-song written by John Fornsete in 1226, is a frequent presentation. The seat sale opens at the theatre Wednesday, the twenty-sixth, and will continue daily from eleven to five o'clock. Ticket prices will range from one dollar to two dollars and seventy-five cents.

The Carmel Music Society has arranged for bus service direct from the San Carlos Hotel, Monterey, to the Theatre of the Golden Bough. The bus leaves the hotel at ten minutes of eight, and goes from the theatre immediately after the concert.

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

THIRD CONCERT OF SERIES

SMALLMAN

A CAPELLA CHOIR

SATURDAY NIGHT

MARCH 1

AT 8:30

THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

SEAT SALE OPENS WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26
11 TO 5 DAILY, AT THE THEATRE
ADMISSION $1.00 TO $2.75

HENRY COWELL LECTURES AND PLAYS

Following closely a recital given in the Department of Psychology, Princeton University, Henry Cowell is now delivering a series of lectures under the group head: A World Survey of Contemporary Music.

Among the compositions given at Princeton were "The Tides of Manaunaun," "Domnu, the Mother of Waters," "The Banshee," and "Tiger."

At the New School for Social Research, New York, the subjects being discussed are: The Paradoxical Musical Situation in Russia; Europe Proceeds Both Forward and Backward; Newly Discovered Oriental Principles; and American Composers Begin Breaking Apron Strings.

MARGARET TILLY HERE SATURDAY

Margaret Tilly, English pianist, who has just played successfully in New York City under the Judson management, and last week in San Francisco in Scottish Rite Auditorium, will play the same program in the Denny-Watrous Gallery this Saturday evening, February twenty-second.

Following is Margaret Tilly's program which she will play Saturday evening in the Gallery:

I.

Four Preludes ..... Chopin
Air and Variations ..... Mozart
French Suite, No. 5 ..... Bach
Allemande
Courante
Sarabande
Gavotte
Bourree
Loure
Gigue

II.

Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel ..... Brahms

III.

Two Etudes, Op. 65 ..... Scriabine
in 7ths
in 5ths
Les collines d'Anacapri
L'Isle joyeuse
Reflets dans l'eau
Danse ..... Debussy

MARGARET TILLY

A NEW YORK LETTER FROM HENRY COWELL

Written especially for THE CARMELITE

Last year in New York was frankly dull. No new music of interest could be discovered the world over, and a general gloom pervaded the air. This year, the League of Composers, which last season discovered nothing, has broken forth like the burst of a skyrocket into numerous and enlivening activities, first, a chamber orchestra concert giving the latest and finest works of important Europeans. The work for chamber orchestra of Anton Webern's which they presented drove home the idea which has been gaining weight among those interested in new music, that Webern is one of the most important of contemporary composers. He writes in short form, all thematic matter concentrated to an evanescent essence, an attenuated mirage of sounds so delicate that they seem to disappear almost before they begin. And Webern is almost the only European not to be affected by "neo-classicism." Strawinsky uses classical harmonic matter, Schoenberg and Hindemith pour new harmonies into old contrapuntal forms.

The League also gives a series of four concerts for the trying of new works by Americans. Rudhyar, well known to Carmel, played his "Granites" for them. The "Granites" seemed very yielding in quality, and have none of the hardness their composer feels them to possess; Rudhyar makes a mistake in attempting to abandon his mystic style, as the only result is a confusion of titles. His style is still that of a mystic, and his harmonies redundant of superresonant chords built on a series of musical fifths. He feels that his "Granites" mark a change of style in him. They do not. He could call them "Moments," and no one would be aware of any alteration of style, from his other moments. His style is built on a piling up of resonant harmonies, and it lacks the sturdiness and backbone of polyphony, and the definite outlines of musical form, as his style is an improvised one. Yet his music has power, and can exert at times the very magical hypnotism he desired for it. He is a leader in his field.

At the same concert of the League, Wallingford Reigger, an American composer, was presented in his latest work, a Sonate for flute alone, played excellently by George Barriere. The work is short, a good point; but one could never have believed in advance that a flute solo could have the interest sustained so perfectly as Reigger managed. He has genuine knowledge of musical composition, and his melodic working out of the thematic matter holds the attention and excitement of the auditor throughout. Every note in the flute, including harmonics, is used, every possible development made of the melodies he employs. A masterly work by a little known composer.

A String Quartet by Fitelberg completed the program. It is not worth discussing. It sounded presentable only on account of the unforgettable playing of the Pro Arte Quartet, but the work in itself was nothing. It was built on that childish device, the constant repetition of the same figure over and over in some parts, to accompany a very commonplace melody which has no relation to the figure.

The International Society for Contemporary Music is being very active. They (or perhaps I may say "we," since I am one of them) have inaugurated a series of public symphony rehearsals to try the latest works of young composers who have no other opportunity to try their orchestral experiments, and we also play over at these concerts, scores to be decided upon for the great Liege Festival of Modern Music. So that we do not have to judge only by looking at the score, but can give all works a fair hearing. A wonderful plan, and which is able to be carried out with the aid and co-operation of the Conductorless Symphony Orchestra men.

HENRY COWELL

New York: February ninth

THE CARMELITE

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J. A. COUGHLIN *Editor and Publisher*
ERNEST LYONS *Associate Editor*

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The views expressed in signed contributions appearing in The Carmelite should be taken as those of the individual contributors, not necessarily in agreement with the opinions of the Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DRAMA LEAGUE

Dear Carmelite,

I have been much interested in the new Monterey Peninsula Drama League, which is being formed and I think I am only one of many when I wish it every success.

Carmel was once known for its dramatic activity, but for some time now there has been nothing done. There is a rich field here for Little Theatre work. Edward Kuster has built an ideal theatre, there is no lack of talent, and there is no luck of hunger for real good plays.

There is no lack of enthusiasm either, but it takes time to set it burning. Nothing gives such a zest to life as a fine play in the air. Things have been a little flat lately. So here's to the new League, hoping that it will flourish and that Carmel will soon be the center for some of the finest dramatic work in the West.

There's one thing about it, if we don't get the right kind of theatrical activity we'll soon get the wrong kind; for Carmel is growing and no one can stop it. The only thing we can do is to see that it grows the way we want it to grow.

Sincerely yours

An Old Carmelite.

SMALLMAN A CAPELLA CHOIR COMING TO THE GOLDEN BOUGH MARCH 1

GAS AND ELECTRIC EXPENDITURE

This year's expansion program in Monterey county by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company calls for an expenditure of over five-hundred thousand dollars.

A motor-driven compressor to keep up pressure on the natural gas being brought in from Kettleman Hills, and the new mains and meters being installed in and about Carmel, take up seventy-eight thousand dollars of this budget. An additional fifty-five thousand dollars will go for the installation of new electrical circuits.

ESSAYS ON LEISURE

Fostered by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, an essay contest on the right use for leisure is in sway among members of women's clubs allied with the State or General Federation.

Mrs. F. G. Frink of Palo Alto, state chairman, is offering suggestions on "that time which is free from necessary occupation." Manuscripts limited to one thousand words should be submitted to her.

Loafing on beaches, fishing off Lobos, riding nags and golfing will probably suffer the consequences of the fact that no hard cash accompanies the prize. The winning manuscript will have only the honor and glory of being read at the Biennial Convention during June.

STEFFENS AT PACIFIC GROVE

Lincoln Steffens spoke on Tuesday at the lunch hour meeting of the Exchange Club at Pacific Grove. His subject was Russia and he drew lessons from that country's experience which could be applied in America. His audience was enthusiastic.

LEGAL ACTION INVOLVING THE CARMELITE

A summons was served late Wednesday afternoon in the case of E. A. H. Watson, plaintiff, vs. Joe Coughlin, First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe to appear in the Superior Court within the next ten days.

The plaintiff contests:

"That plaintiff is the owner of and entitled to possession of the following described personal property, to wit:

"The assets of that certain newspaper and publication known as 'The Carmeliet' and all of the assets of the certain newspaper known as 'The Carmelite Publishing Company,' including a written contract entered into by and between the City of Carmel, California, a municipal corporation and defendant Joe Coughlin on the 5th day of June, 1929, and including the subscription list and records of said 'The Carmelite' and 'The Carmelite Publishing Company,' and all the personal property belonging thereto and the assets thereof."

CIVIC CLUB ORGANIZATION MEETING

Thursday evening, February twentieth, at eight o'clock is the date set for the organization meeting of a civic club or public forum, as begun last week. All Carmel residents, and everyone else interested in the vital affairs of Carmel and the Peninsula, are requested to attend this meeting that they may join in seeking solutions to mutual problems.

The meeting will be held in the auditorium of Sunset school.

Miss Caroline Kimball, Mr. Joseph Schoeninger and Mr. John Morton have been active in selecting a committee to aid in the organization of the work.

Let's See Now . . .

By Lincoln Steffens

It would be awfully nice if we could just re-elect our city fathers (and mothers)—those of them whose terms expire and go on hereafter re-electing them and the others, and so have no more pother about politics. As the "Pine Cone" argues, we should gradually develop by this easy process a government by experts. And maybe we can. I have broached another course, but maybe we can blend the two suggestions, the old-timer's and the newcomers', and still get a representative government.

My suggestion is that we begin as a community to form some idea of what we all want. An ordinary city is a place where the disinterested majority are governed by the especially interested minority; where the people who don't know what they want are run by a combination of those who do know what they want. An extraordinary community would be one in which the people or a majority of them knew so well what they wanted that they could govern themselves. They would not have to judge of the character or guess at the intelligence of candidates for office. They would have only to ask whether candidates were for or against their plan, and afterwards whether they served its purposes. Carmel with a plan could afford to have a government of experts.

But Carmel has no plan, and there is not enough time before the next election to make one. So we can't be an extraordinary town yet. Having no community mind we cannot be as intelligent as all that. But there is something we can do in that direction. We can ask our candidates what their ideas are for the development of an exceptional town. This would be fair. When some of our discontented citizens proposed a Committee of Seven to start work on a plan, the Mayor and Council rejected it with proper pride; if there was any need of an advisory committee, the Council would name it, and the Mayor is trying now to make up a Committee of Twenty-Five. But the message between the lines of the Mayor's uneven statement was that he and his colleagues didn't need any advice. And I have heard since that they really don't. Some of them have a plan. It is not complete, but neither is ours, neither is Mr. Bathen's. A complete, acceptable town plan will, and it should, take time study, debate and social imagination. We should not, therefore, expect any candidate to come before us with a hard and fast scheme. We might resent that. In a word, all that we should ask now is that the men and women who are offering to represent us shall show that they are aware that Carmel is growing, and that they, the candidates, are interested and thinking about the future and give us some idea of the general direction, the character and the taste of their free visioning. The new candidates may be handicapped by this test, but we do not care for old or new servants personally; our interest is in Carmel, not in the careers of individuals. We would like to keep the old, experienced trustees in office and the better they have been planning, the better for us. I, for one, was delighted to hear that they had been planning. In fact, what puzzles me, a newcomer here, is why we have not heard before that our present governors have the beginings of a very definite outline for our development and that some of them have been guided by this secret design. Why secret? It would seem to be good politics in a community interested in City Planning to show that you are a city planner. And why was it disclosed to me as a reproach to the planners? The plan, as I heard it, is very fertile with suggestion.

It starts at the center of things, which is a good place to begin; with the community centre. The proposition seems to be to put the new city hall, the fire house and the other, future, municipal buildings over on the north side of Ocean Avenue. Later the post office could be moved over into this group of public buildings and thus shift the center of our town over there. I understand that the official apathy about the use of our famous Block 69 for the municipal buildings was due, in part, to the violation of this plan, and that might reconcile us to its abandonment, except for a fire house.

A good deal can be said for this plan. The land over there is comparatively cheap, that district is a bit backward. A civic centre there would raise prices; it would draw business that way and so keep shops from sneaking any farther out Dolores into the residence district. Such a new business center might continue the shrinkage of commerce up Ocean Avenue until there would be no shops at all on our beautiful Main-street-to-the-Sea.

Just think of that. By adopting this plan, with the North Center as the kernel and developing it, we might get all our business and all our politics off Ocean Avenue, back out of sight, and make Carmel look as if there were nobody and nothing here but us nice, retired people, our children and a few artists, writers, musicians and actors. Yes, we can agree with the "Pine Cone."

My hunch is that if our present governors will come out to, say, a town meeting, and tell us how much ahead of us they are in town-planning, we might not only forgive them for having been so snotty at us for asking them to represent our ideas, we might re-elect them now and forever.

But, then, I am reminded that I am almost always wrong about everything.

* * *

But the fire house—that is different. That should be built at once, where and as the firemen wish it to be: up the hill, so that they can run down, quickly, to a fire. A house afire in this village of trees might become a forest fire.

* * *

A Committee of Twenty-Five is too large to act; we politicians know that, and when we appoint such an inexective committee of inquiry, the wise guys know that we are playing for time; and we wink.

* * *

It may encourage some of the young writers hereabouts to hear that Sinclair Lewis, who is planning a labor novel, is depressed by doubt that he has the ability to write it. Which recalls a day in a New York club when a successful writer of short stories drew another author into a corner and whispered with shame and fear the confession that he couldn't write anymore. He had lost whatever it is that you write with. The consultant drew the despondent patient clear across the room to another vacant

PUEBLO TURQUOISE

Beads, beads, bluer than beads,
Bluer than turquoise, bluer than the sky,
Bluer than the blood we grind our work with,
Bluer than the face with which we die!
We lived here a long while and then a long while
And the river changed alongside, this way and that,
And we never had a thing to do but to see a child and smile
And to take off a feather and to put on a hat.

Reprinted from "Tom-Tom" Witter Bynner

WHY THIS MODESTY?

Tuesday afternoon El Fumidor telephoned for additional copies of The Carmelite. . . The previous issue "sold out" three times. . . . Frankly, we submit that a Wednesday newspaper which is still selling on Tuesday is doing . . . well, not too bad.

WAFFLES.....

....a good way to start the day

CARMEL-ETA INN

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corner and whispered: "Me, too. And you see all those writers out there in the room, laughing and chatting? They are fakirs. Their good humor is a pose. Ask any of them and they will tell you what I tell you. We can't write. We have lost the trick. Only most of us have been that way so often that we know it will come back. We don't believe it will, but we know it will. And I can tell you also what the ailment is. It is the change of life, which women have once, writers frequently."

* * *

Mme. Navas-Rey postcards: "Who said the liberals were dead and buried, and that we had to choose between conservatives and radicals?" Not I. I never said "buried."

* * *

It is Mr. Chief Justice Hughes now. The liberals in the Senate opposed him, but only on liberal and democratic grounds, which sounded dead. They don't belong any more. And Hughes does. He belongs at the helm of the U. S. Supreme Court in this administration, in this age. Business has won and business will have its way, as liberalism has had its day. We liberals should not forget, as we do, that liberals made the war and the peace. Liberals made the conditions which made Business king.

* * *

The Arms parley is still at war in London and Ramsey McDonald, a liberal, can boast that it is still fighting in peace. The children of Carmel should be led to watch the statesmen at play with fire and encouraged to wonder why grown-ups can't disarm if they want to; yes, and why our world government can't deal with narcotics. If the little ones who will fight the next war become very curious and their parents and teachers can't answer their questions, march them down in a body to The Carmelite office and we will explain why it is that adults do the childish things they do.

* * *

Stock market reports and prices indicate that the bulls are in the pasture again, sneaking up on the lambs who will soon be following like the sheep they are bound to be. Sorry. But there is something good in the news. The Hoover plan seems to be working, the Hoover Boom to be coming. We may be prosperous once more.

* * *

An old man passed saying without words that, when wisdom keeps pace with the years, age is beautiful, as beautiful as youth; and when it doesn't, it isn't.

The Theatre

By ADOLPH GENTHE

Last week the enthusiastic comments of Madame Navas-Rey on the New York production of the Quinteros' "One Hundred Years Old" were incorporated in this column. This play, on the Golden Bough's "waiting list," will be read in San Francisco on February twenty-seventh, at the Mark Hopkins Room of the Dons. It will probably be immediately staged thereafter by one of the groups of the Bay region.

* * *

For the first time in America the Russian Revolution is being shown on the stage. How can the Los Angeles "Times" endure it?

Simultaneously with the production this fortnight of Ivanov's "The Armoured Train" by the Pasadena Community Playhouse, the New York Theatre Guild is producing "Red Rust," another epic of the titanic Russian struggle. Pasadena's gallant adventure appears destined to be another of the historic dramatic events of the Playhouse. The cast of over a hundred is headed by Gilmor Brown in the role of Vershinin, peasant hero and martyr. In directing the piece Mr. Brown has had the assistance of Janis Muncis, the Russian artist who first staged this play when he was director of the Riga Art Theatre. Murray Yeats and Charles Levison, also professional production assistants to Mr. Brown, play important character roles in the play. As indicated recently by Kenneth Macgowan, the Pasadena Playhouse, owing to the economic necessity for almost constant performances, is tending more and more toward professionalism.

* * *

Making good my forecast, Irving Pichel gave a brilliant reading Saturday evening of Martin Flavin's exciting and disturbing play, "The Criminal Code." A grim play, this, pounding relentlessly upon a sore spot on our body politic. Sociologically speaking, it may be an enduring play—manifestly it is the sort of play that has a great fascination for "good people," to borrow Lincoln Steffens' term. But whether it is healthy for us who are still out of jail to sit of an evening in snug chairs and shiver deliciously, and with utter futility, over abuses perpetrated under our fool system of "criminal procedure" is a question which vaguely troubles me.

Mr. Flavin already has my hearty felicitations for having so successfully and profitably captured a section of Broadway. But it is a larger conception of Theatre that really interests me. I believe that the man who wrote "Children of the Moon" would be the last person to contend that this new play, which as a matter of fact could have been written, as far as technique goes, at any time within the last twenty years, will add a millimetre to the stature of the American Theatre.

* * *

Irving Pichel is about to begin resuscitating the moribund Lobero Theatre in Santa Barbara, the charming playhouse of the Community Arts Association which the local citizenry endeavored for several years to conduct by means of a Committee on This and a Committee on That and another Committee on Something Else.

Santa Barbara is not the first, nor will it be the last, community to learn that theatres, not unlike ships, cannot be steered by committees. It is no longer inside knowledge that Pasadena Community, rapidly becoming professionalized, has for a long while been practically synonymous with Gilmor Brown. Except in the summertime, when a score of enthusiastic local helmsmen take the wheel, and the productions in general revert to the pre-War type of town theatricals.

Santa Barbara friends inform me that Mr. Pichel's new contract virtually concedes every point for which he vainly contended at the time of his former directorship of the Lobero Theatre. It is to be hoped that the Community Arts group will follow his lead whole-heartedly and will accord him bona fide cooperation for a number of years. If they do, it is probable that Santa Barbara will become as important theatrically as Pasadena.

* * *

Our Peninsula Drama Guild is moving along slowly, laying a solid foundation for future activity. This kind of growth will probably be of more enduring value than a concerted high-pressure "drive" for members. The committee in charge are planning a series of invitational play-readings, to commence in the near future. Plays will not be chosen for actual production until the season ticket minimum has been disposed of, insuring the financial solvency of the play season.

* * *

Edward Kuster announces the re-opening of Carmel Playhouse, with many improvements and alterations, on March fifteenth. The opening event will be a recital by the new and brilliant young pianist, Paul McCoole, who received his musical training in Paris. French and German critics are enthusiastic in their praise of his wark, especially in the field of Chopin, Debussy and Ravel.

Lay a eucalyptus leaf in the book where you are reading,
For you may never come to this country again;
And one day, when you are far from here,
And find this leaf, you will remember how it al was
Here on this hillside where you are reading—
The bay and the mountains, the flowers, and those strange trees—
You will think, "I am far from that country now;
There are no mountains where I am now, or those strange trees;
The flowers are different from the flowers in that country;
I shall never come to that country again."

—HELEN HOYT.

SONG

Beauty will not trouble me after I am dead;
Song will never use my loom to weave her broken thread.
All the crimson Autumn leaves over me will fall
And if the Spring should fail to come I will not care at all.
Beauty pausing on my path, shy along my years,
Puzzles me and troubles me and fills my eyes with tears;
Song has followed in my steps till I am stricken dumb,
And how I grieve and fret myself that Spring is slow to come.

—MYRTOKLEIA CHILDE

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The Screen

by THE OUTSIDER

Hollywood:
February sixteenth

Saw quite a gathering of famous and infamous in the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt last night—Ben Lyons and [illegible] were entertaining Nance O'Neil and her husband, Alfred Hickman at a table. Miss O'Neil took Miss Daniels in hand when Paramount released her, and made the silent star over into a talking and singing sensation for R. K. O.

* * *

Allister McDonald, son of the Prime Minister of England, was enjoying himself at a table next to me as Sid Grauman's guest.

* * *

Sam Hardy, Conway Tearle with his clever wife Adele Rowland, with "Little Billy" as a cicerone were merry-making till closing time. "Little Billy," the one really funny midget I know of, was at his best.

* * *

Looked at some plays during the week. "College Hounds," M-G-M, a travesty on college life—all the actors are dogs, not a human showing. A good entertaining "short." "Temple Towers;" Fox one of those mystery plays that are becoming monotonous and a bit tiresome, has a corking cast. That excellent actor Henry Walthall is "top hole" in this; Cyril Chadwick is very, very good. Marceline Day is pretty and wears clothes very well. Direction by Donald Gallagher is good but not exciting.

* * *

"Only the Brave", Paramount: A civil war play. Gary Cooper the hero. Mary Brian plays the heroine. Personally, I think featured actors like Cooper drive people away from the theatre. He can't read speeches with a bit of drama in them; just walks through the part. Mary Brian did much in contrast to make Cooper look weak: this lady will act and can improve.

"A Sentry," played by William Le Maire, nearly stole the show.

* * *

"Honey"—Paramount. Tried to find some kind of a plot in this musical affair and failed. A lot of good and indifferent specialties wound in and out of what was a big stage hit: Alice Duer Miller's "Come Out of the Kitchen" starring Ruth Chatterton.

* * *

Skeets Gallagher takes first honors through sheer personality and naturalness. Lillian Roth, Stanley Smith, and Mitzi Green, a clever child, got plenty of laughs. Music and lyrics were like a dozen or a hundred shows of this kind. I saw a preview, and Paramount may add where it is needed. "The Trial of Donald Westhof;" U. F. A. made in Germany. Psychological study of a boy easily moulded by feminine strategy. It is artificial. Imre Raday as Westhof, horribly amateurish, overacts all over the screen, as did all the cast except Nicolai Malikoff as one of the villans, and Oscar Hamolka as the attorney; these two are artists. See the film if only to see the best ingenue that Germany has pictured: Elizza La Porta, she'd be a hit in any company. If we were in the day of the silent picture, this lady would not be a star in Hollywood.

* * *

Bryan Foy is back from New York and now we may expect Warner Brothers to produce some money-makers. A clever man is Bryan, son of Eddie, who was the versatile father of the "Eight Foys."

SMIRCH SMIRKS AND SMIRCHES

"Frederick Smirch," poet laureate of Carmel, drank four bottles of Canadian Club last week, sat back on his haunches, and smiled. "Mr. Smirch" was on the verge of eulogy. Eulogy came, yea, even an oratorio—and went winsomely to—the "Pine Cone," no—The Carmelite, not at all, nay, never—but on, over hill, over dale, to the editor of the San Francisco "Examiner."

Here are a few extracts from "Mr. Smirch's" masterpiece, "Cockeyed Carmel:"

"To a little cockeyed village
By the azure cockeyed seas,
Came a lot of cockeyed painters
With a lot of cockeyed dees;
Came as well the cockeyed writers
Writing little cockeyed tomes
And a swarm of cockeyed poets
Writing crazy cockeyed pomes;
They printed cockeyed papers
Writ with a cockeyed pen.
Full of mental cockeyed capers
Published by cockeyed men . . .

Good work, "Mr. Smirch," only we will have to stop reading now and extend an invitation to drop into the "Pine Cone" or The Carmelite office. Bring some more poetry and a machine gun or two but leave the wife and kiddies at home.

Forgive and forget is our motto—but watch out for Fessenden, the rhyming Linotyper. Always alert, ever watchful, even now he is on your trail. —E. L.

Between You and Me

By THE LAMP-POST

Every Sunday the Hearst papers publish scandal stories—"yellow journalism" it is called. But what little stories creep out of these blaring happenings! One can discount the motives the paper attributes, and reading between the lines and seeing above and around the actions, cull little jewels that are straight de Maupassant stuff.

If the writers of these stories could see the connection between any two things they would have novel material right under their hand.

Last Sunday for instance there was the story of the very rich New York broker who married first a society girl, when he was young and doubtless doing the done thing; but soon he divorced her and married a light lady. Now people who have had experience say that loose ladies make good wives: and if one can divest oneself of the immediate moral shocked reaction this stands to reason. They have had a hard, troublesome, promiscuous life; unless they have the nature of the girl in the "Song of Songs," they will be glad to give that life up. Like the negro slave woman who asked what her idea of heaven was and answered: "Res' massa, jus' res." Well, this wife died, and who did the gentleman marry next? His housekeeper. And the fourth wife, the one who excited the "scandal" story of the Sunday newspaper, was the chamber-maid who had come from Poland and worked in that house fourteen years; starting as scullery girl and scrubwoman. She was forty-three when the millionaire of seventy-eight made her his wife.

There is a logical line in this man's life. The men who marry glamorous actresses and movie girls usually find they do not make good wives. But they are assuaging their vanity and pride by carting the good-looking, graceful girls around Miami and Deauville and the Lido. Mr. Savin, the New York broker, decided evidently early to apply his wisdom to his daily life, take the kind of woman who would make a good wife, to wife, and leave the "pleasure girls" for pleasure. As the Chinese do.

* * *

Wise he must have been, but independent too. For he braved the opinion and social code of his fellows not once but three times. An incident in the story illustrated his independence. He was John D. Rockefeller's broker. One morning Mr. Rockefeller phoned and criticized something in his broker's private life. "Who are your other brokers?" asked Mr. Savin, and when told their names: "Your account will be transferred to them tomorrow morning." The story went the rounds of Wall Street for weeks. Which shows how unindependent the mass of even rich Wall Street operators are.

* * *

Greta Garbo is another illustration, by the way, of how intensely people admire independence when it is unbreakable. (They will always try to break it first, and sit on the fallen if they can get them down. But if they can't they turn round and admire.) Garbo lives and does exactly as she pleases, and the Hollywood colony holds her in awe and reverence. The majority of Hollywood actresses would only like to do as they please, and actually are the puppets of their bosses, their publicity directors and the public opinion around them. Hollywood has never been able to make Garbo dress other than she likes to—simply, dully, in clothes the New York papers have even called ugly.

* * *

But that by the way. Another pretty story shone out of some of Dolores' flaming revelations. She is "The Woman of the London Studios" and three men have killed themselves for her and etc. and etc. People turn to her story to get the same thrill they get out of romantic movies: if we cannot live these lives ourselves let us at least bask in the telling of them by those who have. Dolores mentions Kate Meyrick, the London "Night Club Queen" who has been imprisoned countless times for infringing licensing laws, who has married both her daughters to earls, and was found recently to have bribed an English policeman. (This is as amazing to an Englishman as to find an unbribable policeman would be to an American.) Well, purple Kate Meyerick, at whose clubs the aristocracy of England has made nefarious whoopee, where even the Prince of Wales spends his unreported evenings—her secret is that she is a passionate mother. She was left with four or five children and no means, and her one idea was to give them the best education. She looked around and found the night club business as lucrative as any, and went into it. She did so well that her children went to the best schools in England, getting to know the sons and daughters of the aristocracy, and later, when they became hostesses in their mother's club the patrons were among their good friends. Mrs. Meyerick lives in utmost simplicity and usually walks home after her club closes. She has helped many girls who were on their way downhill; she came in touch with them as naturally she would in a night club, and she was a mother—not a sentimental one, a real one.

* * *

This is London's shameful "Night Club Queen" and this is why her children stick by her. Both her countess daughters escort her to the door of the prison when she is convicted and fetch her in a carriage the day she comes out.

Here again are courage and independence rarely met with. Kate Meyrick is probably as much a "Night Club Queen" as the reader of these lines.

* * *

Wherever categories have their hold, they turn out to be false.

* * *

Categories are short cuts created to save the mind from thought.

* * *

Our contemporary "The Pine Cone" last week drew attention to a controversy between two columnists in this paper. The Pine Cone did even better. It asked weighty political questions in a column and answered them better than it knew.

The columnist was surprised that the people who put the present mayor in office two years ago are "bitterly opposed" to him now; it cited as the reason that he didn't take orders and opines that this is so. The editorial proceeds to explain that: "We want Carmel kept a village. We have elected candidates upon that platform. Why don't they remain on that platform? Within two years they are as bad as their predecessors," and continues:

"Probably in no other place is the pressure of conservatism so strong as in the council chamber." Exactly.

* * *

It is hard to keep courage and independence in a council chamber.

* * *

What does "pressure of conservatism" mean if it doesn't mean taking orders?

SPRING POETRY . . .

SOUNDS OF THE SEA

Carmels A Sweetheart of the Sea
Ensconced with Waves of Lace
A Voice of Love, turbulent but true
A Moon that smiles to
Hear it woo and woo and woo.

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MARY AUSTIN AND CARMEL

Several weeks ago The Carmelite reproduced an article by Carey McWilliams that had appeared in the "Saturday Review of Literature."In view of the interest which the article aroused locally, and the fact that it quoted a letter of Mary Austin's only in part, we are publishing her letter in full.

* * *

There has been such a lo of silly stuff about Carmel.

To the best of my ability to recall what happened there, it began with my going to Monterey in the summer of 1902 to make the first draft of Isidro. I had to stay in old Monterey, which at that time still retained a great deal of its Spanish character, because there was no available stopping place on the Carmel side of the Peninsula. There was the farm house which belonged to the Mission of San Carlos de Barromeo, and the small adobe hut of the caretaker. The Mission, I think, had been recently roofed in, but was not in use.

Near the present site of the town there was one family living, and the abandoned shell of an old hotel which some one had started years before. Down close to the water there was a half ruined adobe farm house, and not far from it stood the Praying Post which had been used by the Franciscans, making a *paseo* to and from the Mission as they said the prayers of their devotion. It was a square cedar post, carved with the Franciscan insignia. I don't know what has become of it.

At convenient points around the Peninsula there were pescaderos—fishing places inhabited by a few Spanish-speaking fishermen or half a dozen Japanese abalone fishers.

I tried to get accommodations at the farm house, but did not succeed, and was obliged to walk back and forth to Monterey. I went twice to Monterey during the summer, and once I stayed at Pacific Grove, which had started as a Methodist and Chautauqua watering place. It was about that time that Stanford University had established a marine biological school at Pacific Grove, because I recall distinctly that summer that there was a tremendous protest on the part of the Methodists at Pacific Grove against the Stanford students going in to bathe with bathing suits which came above their elbows and not quite down to their knees.

Between the two stops I made at Carmel I went to San Francisco and was interviewed by one of the newspapers —probably the "Chronicle"—in which I spoke of the superior attraction of the Carmel side of the Peninsula and expressed my desire to make a home there. And the result of that interview was that Frank Powers, who had bought in for a song most of the property on the Carmel side, called on me and told me he hoped to develop the place for a town and was much struck with my idea of its being precisely the sort of place for creative workers, and begged me to accept a lot.

About the same time he must have spoken to George Sterling, who had just published The Testimony of the Suns and was beginning to be very well spoken of.

And by the way, I paid the price asked for the first lot sold me, not desiring to be beholden to any realtor, though I believe the other writers accepted theirs and thought me finiky.

I returned to Owens Valley and did not actually settle at Carmel until the summer of 1905. At that time Sterling had already built a house and was living there. Sterling's first choice had been the small Peninsula nearer to Carmel Highlands, now owned by the artist Criley, but the town was finally located close to where I had made my choice, and Sterling was obliged for convenience to make a second choice nearer the postoffice and store.

By the time I got back, in 1905, there was a small hotel; the beginning of the present establishment, and not more than two or three stores, and a most delightful bake-shop. And practically none of the property had been cleared, but was all grown up in pine and live oak and wild lilac. I lived at the hotel and didn't build until 1911 or '12—I forget the exact date.

I cannot recall the order in which people came to live there. I think that James Hopper followed Sterling and me very closely. Mike Williams came and went a number of times before deciding to build. Lafler never had a house there, nor, I think, did Harry Leon Wilson ever own a house in Carmel, but finally bought the place in which he now lives at Carmel Highlands. Henry Milner Rideout was there the summer after the earthquake, but he never owned a home. There were a great many interesting people coming and going, especially after the earthquake.

I was in San Francisco at the actual time of the earthquake, but returned to Carmel a week later and stayed there until I went abroad in December of 1907. Isidro was written and sold be-

fore I went to Carmel to live. I think I finished The Flock there; wrote most of Lost Borders; all of Santa Lucia and The Arrow Maker. Outland was not written in Carmel, but when I was sitting up in bed in a pension in Paris recovering from a severe illness and was extremely homesick for California. The story of Outland was one that George Sterling and I made between us for our own private entertainment. George created the king's treasure about the time he wrote The Wine of Wizardry.

* * *

The charm of Carmel was formerly in the extraordinary beauty of the place; in the great simplicity of life there, and the fact that there were no days in the year when you couldn't work with comfort. The painters contributed a great deal to the social life. Charles Rollo Peters was living and painting at Monterey at that time. Charles Warren Stoddard was also at Monterey for at least the earlier years. I can't recall the names of the other painters; they came and went. William Chase had his summer school there one year. After the San Francisco fire nearly all the writers in California spent some time in Carmel until the city was settled again.

I stayed abroad three years, and another year in New York before returning to Carmel, and spent most of my time between 1911 and 1916 there. I have been back but once since. I found much of the natural beauty of the place spoiled, and except for Robinson Jeffers, the old delightful informal literary life had completely disappeared.

The thing that destroyed Carmel destroys every effort made in the United States by creative workers to establish for themselves a place in which their work can be carried on under the most favorable conditions. It is the desire of people who are totally unable to understand the creative life and yet cannot resist the appeasement of their own egos which they find in exploiting it. Such people came to Carmel ostensibly to enjoy the society of creative workers, and remained to drive the creative workers away by imposing their own tastes and manners.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Orrick Johns, whose original poem we printed last week, is the son of the Editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and a poet of standing. "Asphalt and Other Poems," "Wild Plum," "Black Branches, a book of Poems and Plays," have appeared from his pen and won much acclaim.

Orrick Johns may come out to Carmel later in the year.

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Books

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHILOSOPHIES"

Doctor Frank L. Riley, lecturer on metaphysical subjects, has written and is to have published soon a companion book to his "Bible of Bibles."

Entitled "The Philosophy of Philosophies," its introduction will be devoted to a description of ninety-five philosophers. Beginning with Thales, between six and seven hundred B.C., Dr. Riley will trace the salient features of each philosophy on through the ninety-five to Santyana, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Babbitt the humanist, and Will Durant. He will describe the influence that each has had on his own age and on the philosophers that followed him.

* * *

Dr. Riley states that he has found, in compiling this unusual book, "that wherever philosophers digressed, the digression was not in accord with the fundamental principles underlying the sixty-one sacred books of the world, dating back approximately eleven thousand years. Which goes to prove that the fundamental principles of philosophy dove-tail with the intrinsic aspects of religious belief.

"In other words, one aspect of truth should not antagonize another aspect.

"This book will also prove that philosophy and religion are merely two aspects of absolute truth.

"If there was digression, it died. When modern or mediaeval philosophers came forward with a philosophy that moved the world—Kant, Descartes, Hume, Spinoza and so forth—they were merely re-echoing the basic ideas of their predecessors—Pythagoras, Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Plotinus, Porphyry and Proclus.

"The book is to be synthesis. It will be a complete, interwoven, universal philosophy, a veritable philosophical mosaic, each philosopher representing one of the integral portions of the pattern. In other words, the excerpts are not to be thrown together, but woven like a tapestry into a composite and perfect pattern, homogeneous and complete.

"In this respect it will be a companion book to 'The Bible of Bibles,' which is treated in the same manner. . . ."

"Truth, like a golden thread, runs through all religions and all philosophies, binding them into a chain, a rosary. Outwardly, like beads on a chain, they differ materially, but inwardly they are bound by the golden thread. 'The Philosophy of Philosophies' traces this thread like Ariadne through the labyrinth. . . .

* * *

"Philosophy comes from the Greek word, the prefix of which means "the love of," and *sophia*, the root, meaning wisdom—a philosopher being a lover of wisdom or truth.

"A man is attracted to that which he loves.

"Religion, on the other hand, is derived from the Latin root *ligo*, "to bind" for example, *ligature*—and the prefix *re* meaning again. Religion binds a man to God, and philosophy to what he loves. Therefore the "Philosophy of Philosophies" and the "Bible of Bibles" should agree. They do. . . .

* * *

"Emerson once said that nothing new, philosophically speaking, had been stated since Plato's day—who, by the way, was the ameneunsis of Socrates.

"The Philosophy of Philosophies" verifies this statement of Emerson's."

THE LIFE OF
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Mrs. Eddy's life is here depicted with illuminating clearness. The author, carefully avoiding invention, has presented the facts in a refreshing manner. Miss Wilbur was not a Christian Scientist when she wrote this biography for publication in a magazine of general circulation.
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408 Pages—18 Illustrations
Cloth Editions: $3.00
May be purchased at all bookstores

A REVIEW

ESCAPE, *by Francesco Fausto Nitti. Putnam's* 1930.

When Gilbert Seldes, war correspondent and authority on international affairs wrote "You Can't Print That," he foretold the "breaking" of the world's greatest story, from a newspaper point of view—the disclosure of conditions on the Liparian islands, Mussolini's Siberia.

Now Francesco Fausto Nitti, lately of Lampedusa and Lipari, where he was imprisoned in obscurity and without trial because of his opinions (and close blood connection with Francesco Severio Nitti, former Premier of Italy), relates a dramatic narrative of escape. A firebrand—liberal one moment, radical the next—young Nitti rebelled against the censorship, surveillance and enforced labor with which the dictator has strengthened the principles of Fascism. His principal grievance was, and it, that personal liberty has been knocked on the head and buried in his country. Whether or not one can agree with his definition of present-day Italy: "impoverished, depressed, paralyzed and bankrupt," the reader cannot help but admire his spirit.

The book, with its detailed description of Fascist espionage and suppression, has been banned by Mussolini. It is not being any too favorably received by certain groups in this country, though it promises to be a lively carcass among the liberals. That is to say, they will read and talk about it.

American liberals are creatures of attitudes. They rebel against nothing quite so much as the misery of having no grievances. Nitti will not be comforted by that: he has experienced the torture of a governmental machine turned upon an individualist.

Nations, governments and newspapers are not inclined to see the viewpoints of individualists—or *vice versa*. And Nitti, whatever else he may be—traitor or martyr, rebel or patriot—is a flaming individualist. Government by force alone, progress without personal freedom, prosperity at the sacrafice of idealism, enforcement of law without justice, all strike him as mockeries.

Even now his publishers are being enjoined by a protesting storm of letters. So far as the ethics of politics go, America is pro-Fascist. And despite Selde's prophecy, the Liparian situation still looks like poisoned meat to the press of the world. —E. L.

A NEW BOOK BY ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

"Too Much Law," is the title of the latest book by Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood, author of the satire, "Heavenly Discourse," as reported by the Los Gatos "Mail-News." Destined by its subject, the imposition of unecessary and unethical laws upon American liberties, to be of wide circulation and interest, the book attacks prohibition outrages as a glaring example of present law-enforcement tactics.

"THE VOICE OF RUSSIA SINGING"

From "The Echo," San Francisco Russian-American monthly.

The street door opened and a tall, rather fair man entered. He might have been anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age. He might have belonged to any of the Nordic races.

I had never seen Vasia Anikeeff. But I had been told enough regarding him to make me hopeful that I was about to meet a real personality. I was not disappointed. We had tea and talked for an hour and a half.

Vasia Anikeeff unlike most artists of the stage, is diffident in talking of himself. Probably this reticence is due to that inherent modesty which is a part of his amazing charm. At any rate, to acquire data for the narrative which follows, I was obliged to go to sources other than the subject of the narrative.

Once upon a time there lived in the district of Kaluga, which is south of Moscow, in the very heart of Russia, a peasant boy who loved to sing. He had no vocal teacher, no technical traning in music, but he sang, in the church chorus and with other boys and girls during the long summer evenings —the beautiful, unwritten folk songs of old Russia. In 1912, at the age of seventeen, he left the broad fields of his native Russia and came to the United States.

A Pennsylvania coal mine . . the lumber camps of Michigan . . . hoboing across the continent . . Until in St. Louis he chanced to go to a theatre where a Russian *balalaika* orchestra was playing. Vasia went backstage and became acquainted with the leader, a real artist by the name of Ivanhoff.

Ivanhoff was the first to tell young Anikeeff that he had a voice and a talent—to awaken his ambition to become a great singer.

In Los Angeles he met Miss Harriet Wilson, who is now musical director in the International Institute in San Francisco. On Miss Wilson's advice Anikeeff went to San Francisco, obtained steady employment, and gave all his spare time to cultivating his voice.

In Germany, where he went for further study, Vasia found the thousand to two thousand markes charged by the finest teachers amounted to only a dollar in American money.

Vasia sang in Kaluga and Moscow, and was invited by the great Stanislavsky to join his studio.

Back in the United States, Vasia sang for a season with the American Opera Company. But the lure of California drew him back to the Pacific coast, and in December, 1928, he and his wife and young son took up their abode in Carmel.

Strangely lacking in the craving for public acclaim which is so characteristic of most singers, Vasia shuns the uncertainty of the concert tour. He does not believe that the world owes him a living, and is perfectly happy in his congenial work, with his little family, in the circle of discriminating and loyal friends whom he has found in the artist community of Carmel.

"I like to give a concert occasionally," he told me, "but I can't do it often in this vicinity, for people would soon tire of hearing me." A most unusual point of view for a grand opera star.

—L. De J.

RICHARD BUHLIG IN THE SOUTH

Richard Buhlig is to give three piano recitals at the Beaux Arts Auditorium, Los Angeles, on Monday evenings, the third, seventeenth and thirty-first of March.

At the first recital he will give an introductory talk on Bach and the objective character of polyphonic music. "Beethoven and the Subjective in Music, with Some Remarks on the Nature of Form; *and* Contemporary Music, Its Growth from the Music of the Past, and Its Significance as an Expression of Our Time."

A Bit of Fun

HAVE YOU EVER HAD IT?

Mrs. Mylar to small daughter, "Has Max the scarlet fever?"

Hazel: "No, he has the quarantine."

* * *

ECHOES FROM THE SECOND GRADE

Two boys came into the room. One asked the teacher: "Is Abraham Lincoln living?"

"No!"

"A third grade boy said he was!"

The second little boy (colored): "No, he's dead. He was shot at a theatre; while he was sitting there looking at the pictures, a man shot him.

"Abraham Lincoln was president and he fought in the *Silver War* and he went to the theatre and all the people clapped and went home and that's all."

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A MAGAZINE OF DESERT VERSE

Published and illustrated on the mimeograph a new and original quarterly of Southwestern poetry made its second appearance last week.

Edited by D. Maitland Bushby, and published in Scottsdale, Arizona, "Tom-Tom,' as the quarterly is styled, carries in its second issue poems by twenty-eight contributors—among whom are Witter Bynner, Sara Bard Field, C. E. S. Wood, Miria mAllen de Ford and Ricardo de Satillo.

The magazine desires contributions of sketches and poetry having to do with Indian and desert scenes, also translations from the varions Southwestern Indians' poetry and from the Spanish. It is establishing a book review department and a clearing house for manuscripts. But the bravest thing about the whole venture is the fact that Mr. Bushby has been able to produce a colorful and worth-while *magazine* on the mimeograph. He has illustrated it with Navajo tribal figures and ceremonial designs.

This is the most outstanding thing—although more locally confined, and, perhaps, with not quite so broad an editorial vision—since Harriet Monroe's "Poetry."

Somehow the mimeograph gives verse that intimacy and privacy which is so essentially a part of it.

The Carmelite takes pleasure in reproducing a representative group of poems from the last issue of "Tom-Tom," and in introducing the magazine to Carmel poets who may wish to contribute. A deserving effort—to offer the Southwest an original magazine of verse drawing primarily upon the rich store-house of primitive lore. We wish it the fullness of its posibilities.

SHIPROCK

(In northern New Mexico a cathedral-like rock looms eighteen hundred feet up from the plain. White men call it Shiprock, but the Indians prefer Winged Rock. According to Indian legend it was once part of Ute peak far to the north. There had been long warfare between the Utes and Navajos, ended only by a miracle. The great rock to which the Navajos had fled suddenly took wings and flew down to its present location, a land of peace.)

To take and tame this region
Ute Peak sent a legion
A long eon age,
Of men named Navajo.
East and west of Shiprock—
Men with sky-cool earrings
Are riding pinto prairies
Where lies chin-lee
The Bad-One wrinkled by
green ghosts of seas;
Men with black-looped hair
Are building huts of log and mud
Hogans for weavers of blankets
The color of Navajo blood;
Men with girdles of silver
Are driving fat-faring sheep
Into shadows of mesas,
By shapes of monoliths,
Down the miles of tumult
That run to the bare-blue range—
East and west of Shiprock.
Ute Peak sent a legion
To take this region;
Stone wings flopped high,
Shiprock rode the sky,
Sailed south an eon ago
With a nation named Navajo.

—W. W. Robinson

YABE CHI

(Navajo cult dance forbidden by "Washington." During the last performance participants stricken by lightning and flood under curse of the god Ya for abandonment of the ancient ceremonial.)

In the sky
A portent—Butterfly—
With-the-Phantom-Wing-Eye.
From the Rain Mount the Ya-Cry
"Who gods abandon or defy,
Be he Papago or Navjao,
He must die!"
Flow, Floods-of-Navajo,
Warrior-race is dying
For its god-cult desecration.
Flow, Floods-of-Navajo,
Warrior-race is daying
For its god-cult desecration.
Gone from the Land-of-Johano-ai
Gone is Yabe Chi.
Blow, winds of Navajo,
Set hot sands flying
Across an ancient desolation.
Gone from the Land-of-Johano-ai
Gone is Yabe Chi.
Woe, Old-Women-of-Navajo,
Drown the years with crying
With ceaceless lamentation
Gone from the Land-of-Johana-ai
Gone is Yabe Chi.
Ho, Dawn-Steed
Of the Turquois-Sky,
Ho, Sun-Horse-of-the-Hunting-Breed
Gone from the Land-of-Johano-ai
Gone is Yabe Chi.

—Arthur Truman Merrill

REPENTANCE

Long years, I've wrought in metal and in stone
To build the substance of another's dream—
In shapes of singing color, while with scheme
And stratagem I pass my days, while lone
And laggardly my tired footsteps cone
The old familiar distances, nor meet,
Even in this, my last, my sole retreat,
Other than ashes, hull, and husk, and bone.
Oh, I have labored for a little pay
And trampled under careless heel, true gold,
And dreams, that one time soared as if past hold,
That raged to meet the sun, nor stop
My recompense is ashes and I find
God has no pity on the willful blind.

Lawrence Hart

SIGN OF THE PAPOOSE

INDIAN SHOP

GENUINE NAVAJO RUGS

SAN CARLOS NEAR SEVENTH CARMEL

The Garden . . .

Conducted by ANNE NASH and DOROTHY Q. BASSETT, *of* the Garden Shop.

IRRIGATION AND CULTIVATION

It may seem a bit strange to be urging proper irrigation methods in February, but what can you do with a state which gives us summer weather in the winter time and possible hail storms in May? Irrigating doesn't mean sprinkling, which last is all that some poor gardens ever get. Sprinkling is all very well in its way; it will clean and freshen foliage, lay the dust and water seedlings. Irrigation is quite a different thing. It means actually getting plenty of water down to the roots of plants and shrubs, where they can use it. Sprinkling a garden that has not been properly irrigated is a poor practice and results in ultimate death and destruction. Picture the roots of your favorite shrub right now, provided your garden has had no water since the last rain. They are reaching down in a last desperate attempt to find what's left of the rain water. Then you go out tonight and sprinkle "thoroughly." Shrub roots naturally decide that they were on the wrong track and that they should "look upyard, not downward." Result after repeated sprinkling: Roots are all near the surface of the soil. Then next week you go up to the Opera, or have friends visiting. Garden gets no water at all, weather continues warm, shrub dies feeling that its whole life has been a mistake, and you say "Now look at that, after all the rours I've spent standing out there with the hose!" As far as that particular shrub was concerned, ten minutes a week would have sufficed, had you used it in digging a little trench around the plant and filling it with water.

Irrigation and cultivation should go together. Or rather, cultivation should always follow irrigation for best results. New tool catalogs urge us not to stand with the *hose* so much, but to work with the *hoes* more, and it's excellent advice as well as good advertising. A good method is to irrigate one day and to cultivate the next. If the soil is allowed to get packed on top, the moisture easily reaches the surface (by capillary attraction) and evaporates. Let the wind and sun strike against a tilled soil surface and you won't have to water so often .

After irrigation and cultivation comes the mulch, which will help out still further. Rough straw will do where looks are not important. Peat moss is about the best to use, and is neater. Leaf mold is good, if you can get it, and old manure serves the purpose well. A little thought and diligence used in this way during our dry seasons will save much in labor and water bills.

Sports

GOLF AT CYPRESS POINT

For the first time, the Cypress Point course qualifies as one of the links to be followed in this year's California amateur golf championship, according to Chester S. Lyday, Los Angeles, secretary of the California Golf association. Golfers with handicaps from 0 to 7 will qualify first at Cypress Point, then at Pebble Beach, or vice versa. Players with higher handicaps will divide their time between Del Monte and the Dunes course.

Although dates for the state golf event have not yet been set, it is believed that the last of August or the first of September will be the time agree upon.

GOLD VASE TOURNEY

Attracting a distinguished entry, the Gold Vase Tournament at Pebble Beach February 21, will consist of 36 holes of medal play, low gross winning the famous Gold Vase.

The first 18 holes of medal play will count as the qualifying round for the Washington's Birthday match play tournament February 22 and 23. Among entries received are Jack Neville, California amateur champion; John B. Ryerson; Glen Littlefield and Milton Latham of Carmel.

DEL MONTE TENNIS LEAGUE

Six active teams now form the Monterey Peninsula Tennis League. A series of men's singles and doubles, ladies' singles and doubles and mixed doubles are being conducted every Thursday afternoon.

BASKETBALL

Sunset trounced Del Monte, 20-24, at a basketball game last Thursday, playing a fast passing game. The Sunset School five had the game in their hands from the opening whistle. The fine shooting of Takahisa Miyamoto netted Sunset twelve points. He was ably supported by De Sante and Y. Miyamoto who scored four points each. David Marques at running guard played his usual brilliant game. Charles Davis at standing guard showed a decided improvement. H. Bailey substituted for Davis. The sportsmanship of the players and onlookers was excellent.

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A CALIFORNIAN IN RUSSIA

The following excerpts from a most interesting letter from Robin Kinkead are reproduced by permission. The writer is the son of Mrs. J. A. Kinkead, of Palo Alto, a friend of Dr. Amelia Gates and an occasional visitor to Carmel. He has recentiy gone to Russia, prepared to "rough it" and learn whatever that country at its present stage may have to teach.

Robin Kinkead is a graduate of Stanford

Dear Mother:

At last I pound the faithful keys of my typewriter again. We have now been in Moscow one day over two weeks. We have a room—of sorts—David has two teaching jobs and I have any number coming up. Not only that, but I am in a fair way to start in at the newspaper game with an excellent teacher. While we were looking for jobs, room and so forth, things seemed to move very slowly but really when you think about it two weeks isn't a very long time to take getting started in a strange land where you don't know the language or customs.

* * *

We are on the other side of the river from the Kremlin, and it takes quite a while to get here in the trams. I hear they are going to build a subway, and it is certainly needed. . . . Teas and the good black bread are what I live on mostly. I would like butter on the bread, but you cannot get butter without a food ticket—and even then it costs a dollar a pound and you are allowed but a pound a month. Everything that you use is made in Russia; they aren't allowed to import anything except industrial things, like tractors. There is plenty of flour, though, and that is the main thing here.

. . . One nice thing here is that you never tip. In one restaurant we go to, a man takes our coats at the door, and then we go in and have our soup and sausage, and when we pay the waiter doesn't hang around for a tip, and when we get our coats again he doesn't expect one either. Eggs are sold only for children and the milk also, although you can get some of the latter from private traders I hear.

. . . There are a lot of new Buicks running around the streets and Packards and Fords. I have also seen one Lincoln and one brand new Cadillac. Speaking of driving, I had my first ride in a *droshki* yesterday . . . These *droshkis* surprise you by their small size when you first get here. I always imagined them about the size of sleighs we used to see in St. Moritz, but they are so tiny they look like toys.

. . . . I am in a hurry to begin seeing museums, plays, factories, schools, clubs and all that junk. We saw the ballet *"Krassni Mak"* (Red Poppy) the other day, but it wasn't given by the same actors who act in the big operas. This was a special performance for children, and there sure were a lot of them there. When I see the way they are teaching the children and all the cultural activity they are giving them I can't help realizing that they will develop a hell of an intelligent nation if they keep it up.

* * *

Last night was the old Russian Christmas Eve and as I went over to Duranty's for dinner the streets were filled with anti-religious demonstrations — parades of young people carrying banners and singing, some dressed as priests and others carrying coffins in which religion was buried. Good stuff that.

All over town you see big houses that used to belong to rich merchants and are now used by the city for schools, offices and clinics. Right near us here there is a sort of palace that is a clinic now and a little farther along is a church where they now store flour. It is said that peasants occasionally cross themselves when they pass it; not because it is a church, but because of the abundance of flour.

ROBIN

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The Visual Arts

EDWARD WESTON'S PICTURES IN THE SOUTH

That Edward Weston's work will have a lasting and vital influence in shaping the creative expression of the West and America, is the opinion of Arthur Miller, art critic of the Los Angeles "Times." Reviewing simultaneously for comparative purposes a recent exhibit of Weston's at the Braxton Galleries and a showing of Rolph Scarlett's abstract paintings at the Hagemeyer studio in Pasadena, Mr. Millier says in part:

"The point of interest in these showings is that each man approaches nature from an exactly opposite angle to result in something that can only be called art if it is properly grasped. At Braxton's we see Weston sharpening the single eye of his camera to exact from nature the minutest details barely visible to the human eye. His approach to art is by way of absolute realism, realism such as should commend itself to the most hide-bound academician.

"Scarlett takes the opposite point of departure. Out of two galleries full of paintings in oils and water colors it is difficult to discover what material things serve as the bases of these bewilderingly brilliant designs. A large oil seems to be made up of parts found in an auto repair shop, another has forms from a metal foundry, and another clearly contains copper pots.

"We said that Weston's realism should appeal to the academician. It does not. We have seldom met an academic photographer who could enjoy or commend the photographs of this wizard. The reason is simple. Few people are able to see the really beautiful forms and colors in nature. Most see only the obvious thing that has been pointed out before. Aldous Huxley has said that a great artist is one who gives you feelings you have never experienced before, feelings you could not conjure up for yourself.

". . . The works of the masters always bear a resemblance to each other. Weston by seeing with absolute realism the astonishingly beautiful forms of the common green pepper, for instance (he has a whole series devoted to them here) is at once linked with El Greco. Imagination is half of seeing. The scientists who have followed their dreams till they discover the guessed reality parallel the creative process of the artist who knows that nature is big enough to contain any form he can imagine.

"Now the academic-minded fail to enjoy Weston's prints to the full because his absolute realism seems to them to be abstract. He discovers that the simplest objects have rare forms to ravish the sensitive eye. He finds remarkable combinations of form that do not, at first, tally with the obvious view of nature. Even in his portraits we see the individual apparently invested with a grandeur of form that is unfamiliar. But nature and a sharp lens do it all for him. The genius consists here, as anywhere, in realizing what beauty there is in nature.

"Whether the artist combines form and colors like Weston, by setting up two peppers or two shells in some charming relation to each other so that they delight the eye and stir the imagination; or whether, like Scarlett, he takes springs, sheets of corrugated iron, circles or brass strips, and, in the heat of his imagination, causes these things to dance into new patterns: or whether he takes some traditional form of landscape or portrait and invigorates it with new life, there will be nothing vital come of his activity if the forms and colors are not beautiful and well related, apart from their meaning as things in nature.

MORRO BAY PAINTINGS

Aaron Kilpatrick, interpreter of the Morro Bay region, exhibited paintings of fishing boats, lagoon, and sea at Grace Nicholson's galleries in Pasadena last week.

His work, showing an absorption in the natural boldness and beauty of the bay and its environs, is attracting growing attention. Comment upon his most recent display points to rising color values and originality of design.

WILLIAM JOHNSTONE CLASSES IN PAINTING

The Forge in the Forest, where John Catlin shapes his iron, houses a new endeavor—fitting and welcomed by Carmel.

William Johnstone, British painter and sculptor and instructor at the Edinburgh College of Art, has taken over a portion of the building for classes to work in clay and stone and oils. His classroom will be a center for the plastic arts; later he intends to direct the study of his pupils to full figure and relief work in stone.

Mr. Johnstone has taught at the California School of Arts and Crafts; exhibited at the Nationale Salon des Beaux Arts, Paris, and at Deauville in 1927, by request; he has been awarded the Carnegie Traveling Scholarship and the Stewart Prize in Design. In addition to showings of his paintings on the continent, work of his has been reproduced in *Les Artistes d'Aujhourd hui*, Paris, and in "Drawing Design, London.

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County News from Sacramento

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Larger and more modern county hospitals are being erected by California counties for the care of needy sick and aged. Everywhere the tendency is to provide up-to-date structures, sanitary equipment and employ the best medical talent available.

Last year alone, the fifty-eight counties of this state paid out a total of $5,354,771 for the care of inmates in their hospitals and almshouses, in addition to $2,398,221 for maintenance of buildings.

Monterey county, during the twelve-month period, spent a total of $26,462.21 for the care of sick and aged. This was in addition to $105,350 paid for building maintenance.

Carmel boys and girls under eighteen are slated to have their "noses counted" again this fall, when a new state-wide registration of minors is taken. Under a provision of the newly adopted code, such registration must be taken during the first full school week in October, and every three years thereafter.

California now has more than a million and a quarter children of school age. Of this number 12,242 reside in Monterey county. They are very evenly divided as to sex, there being 6,257 boys and 5,985 girls.

Monterey county's highway system is affected by two important announcements made at the state capital this week. One was that the United States government will spend nearly five million dollars on California roads in the federal highway system during the next three years, if the Dowell bill, now before Congress, is passed and signed by President Hoover. The other is that Monterey county will receive $2,643 as its share of the semi-annual apportionment of taxes from gross receipts upon motor busses and trucks.

Monterey county will receive $39,750,- as its share of the $8,390,870 annual apportionment of motor vehicle license fees collected in 1929. This apportionment, the largest to date was based upon a total registration of 17,502 vehicles in the county.

Education was a question of minor importance in California's gold rush days and securing of competent teachers was a real problem for state educational officials.

In 1859 Monterey county had eleven teachers instructing its youth, with only seven hundred and fifty-four instructors in the entire state. Today the county has two hundred and eighty-four teachers, every one of them highly trained and required to be graduates of accepted institutions.

These figures are taken from the report of state superintendent of public instruction Andrew J. Moulder in 1860, and that of the present superintendent, Vierling Kersey, for 1929.

The average Californian is reading more and better books than ever before.

Once he was satisfied by a volume of adventure or fiction. Today, however, he dips deeper into the realms of philosophy or of psychology, which have been robbed of their former dullness and profundity by the modern style of writing.

The popularity of psychology, philosophy and other of the so-called "heavier" subjects is due in a large part, the assistant librarian feels to the appearance of various "outlines" during the last year or two—of history, philosophy and related subjects.

Taken as a whole, the citizens of California are borrowing books at the rate of one hundred and fifty-five a minute, according to figures compiled by the assistant state librarian. During the twelve months of last year a total of 36,411,489 books were loaned by the forty-six county libraries, one hundred forty-one city libraries and ten destrict libraries of the state.

Monterey county's library had the most active year it has ever known. Last year its total circulation was 60,280 books. This library now has a total of 100,172 books and the income for the year 1928-1929 was $25,150.

Montery County ranks as the twentieth lowest California county in inside and as the sixteenth lowest in outside county tax rates for 1929-1930, according to a study of California county tax rates made by California Taxpayers' Association.

The county has an inside rate of $1.99 and an outside rate of $2.39. These rates are decreases of one-half a cent in the inside and outside tax rates of the county over the rates for 1928-1929.

It cost $22,000,000 more in 1929 to maintain the public schools of California than it did in 1926. This is revealed in a study of school expenditures now in process of completion by California Taxpayers' association.

CITH EXPENDITURES FOR JANUARY

As shown by the City Clerk's report.

Salaries:

City Clerk	$100.00
Deputy City Clerk	67.50
City Treasurer	40.00
City Attorney	75.00
Chief of Police and Tax Coll.	200.00
Street Superintendent	175.00
City Recorder	25.00
Night Watchman	150.00
Policeman	50.00
City Hall:	
Rent	90.00
Lights	7.98
Telephone	.55
Telephone, carried over	.70
Fuel, Dec.-Jan.	22.30
Janitor Service	22.50
Printing:	
Resolution No. 457: Block 69:—	
Carmelite (two publications)	14.25
Pine Cone, one publication	8.10
Delinquent Tax List	165.60
Notices, Block 69	4.05
Miscellaneous:	
Supplies, City Hall	9.75
Supplies, Clerk's Office	4.96
Supplies, Street Superintendent	6.10
Ditto	3.43
Attorney's Clerk, Typing	3.33
Bulbs for City Hall	2.20
Fire Department:	
Hydrant Rental	252.00
Lights, Fire House	11.94
Lights, Fire Alarm	2.00
Telephone	9.75
Telephone, carried over	13.20
Gasoline and Articles	5.34
LabonoH soe v v vv hhhh v	
Labor on Hose	3.00
Rent of Site, Fire House	20.00
Police:	
Chief, Telephone	6.45
Same, carried forward	6.55
Night Watchman, Telephone	2.40
Same, carried forward	3.45
Streets, Parks, Etc.	
Labor, Regular Employees	669.00
Extra Labor and Material	67.54
Miscellaneous Articles	76.87
Eighth Avenue: Granite, etc.	365.70
Gravel	49.50
Pump	50.00
Gasoline	58.33
Lease, Water Truck	295.00
Telephone, Street Supt.	2.20
Parks:	
Labor	25.12
Water, two months	14.30
Miscellaneous	10.20
Beach:	
Labor	36.75
Water, two months	21.84
Lights, Streets and Parks	49.70
Trees: Planting	257.40
Labor	9.00
Removing and Trimming Trees	14.50
Health and Safety:	
Rent of Garbage Dump	25.00
Coverage	10.00
Sewer: Labor and Material	19.75
Special Expenditure:	
Trimming Trees, San Antonio	297.65
Services as Secretary of Taxation Board	18.74
Night Watchman, Extra	15.00
Total Disbursements	$4043.47

PRUDENT EXPENDITURE OF PUBLIC FUNDS

President Hoover, in asking the state, county and municipal governments to continue their normal activities in public improvements and construction, has seen the necessity of warning those connected with the spending of public money to make only prudent expenditures.

The President realized that it might be easy for the overzealous public official to plunge a community into an orgy of wild spending, inconsistent with local economic conditions and beyond the ability of the people to bear.

It is hoped that the very carefully phrased invitation by President Hoover will be taken literally and that prudence wisdom and caution will guide the county and municipal officials of California during the coming year.—*From a bulletin of the California Taxpayers' Association.*

NOTICE

Public notice is hereby given that an election will be held on March 10th, 1930, to elect two Trustees for the Carmel Sanitary District for the term of two years and an Assessor for said District. The election will be held at the Triangle Realty Company on Dolores Street between Seventh and Eighth and the polls will be open from the hours of 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Election officers are as follows: Inspector, F. O. Robbins; Judge, Clare Leidig; Clerk, Kathryn Overstreet.

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